And with the clamour keepe her still awake:
This is a way to kill a Wife with kindneſſe,
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headſtrong humors.
He that knowes better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeake, 'tis charitie to ſhew. *Exit.*

Enter Tranio and Hortenſio:

Tra. Is't poſſible friend *Liſio*, that Miſtris *Bianca*
Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,
I tell you ſir, ſhe beares me faire in hand.
Luc. Sir, to ſatisfie you in what I haue ſaid,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Miſtris profit you in what you read?
Bian. What Maſter reade you firſt, reſolue me that?
Hor. I read, that I profeſſe the Art to loue.
Bian. And may you proue ſir Maſter of your Art.
Luc. While you ſweete deere proue Miſtreſſe of my heart.
Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tell me I pray,
You that durſt ſweare that your miſtris *Bianca*
Lou'd me in the world ſo well as *Lucentio*.
Tra. Oh deſpightfull Loue vnconſtant womankind,
I tell thee *Liſio* this is wonderfull.
Hor. Miſtake no more, I am not *Liſio*,
Nor a Muſitian as I ſeeme to bee,
But one that ſcorne to liue in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of ſuch a Cullion;
Know ſir, that I am call'd *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Signior *Hortenſio*, I haue often heard
Of your intire affection to *Bianca*,
And ſince mine eyes are witneſſe of her lightneſſe,
I will with you, if you be ſo contented,
Forſweare *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.
Hor. See how they kiſſe and court: Signior, *Lucentio*,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer to woo her more, but do forſweare her
As one vnworthy all the former fauors
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.
Tra. And heere I take the like vnfained oath,

Nev

Neuer to marrie with her, though
Fie on her, ſee how beaſtly ſhe do
Hor. Would all the world but
For me, that I may ſurely keepe mi
I will be married to a wealthy Wid
Ere three dayes paſſe, which hath a
As I haue lou'd this proud diſdain
And ſo farewell ſignior *Lucentio*,
Kindneſſe in women, not their bea
Shall win my loue, and ſo I take m
In reſolution as I ſwore before.
Tra. Miſtris *Bianca*, bleſſe you
As longeth to a Louers bleſſed caſe
Nay I haue tane you napping gent
And haue forſworne you with *Hort*
Bian. *Tranio* you ieſt, but haue
Tra. Miſtris we haue.
Luc. Then we are rid of *Liſio*.
Tra. I'faith hee'l haue a luſtie W
That ſhall be woo'd, and wedded in
Bian. God giue him ioy.
Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.
Bianca. He ſayes ſo *Tranio*
Tra. Faith he is gon vnto the ta
Bian. The taming ſchoole: wha
Tra. I miſtris, and *Petruchio* is t
That teacheth trickes eleuen and t
To tame a ſhrew, and charme her ch

Enter Biondell

Bion. Oh Maſter, maſter I haue
That I am dogge-wearie, but at laſt
An antient Angell comming downe
Will ſerue the turne.
Tra. What is he *Biondello*?
Bion. Maſter, a Marcantant, or a
I know not what: but formall in appa
In gate and countenance ſurely like
Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?
Tra. If he be credulous, and truſ

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